

Bugs

Lambchop

Bugs rub their legs together in a fevered pitch
It trips me out
Never gonna let it out

Birds they wheeze and my legs they itch
Yeah it flips me out
Wonder what it's all about

And think of things, and how they got this way
Way above the rest
Isn't this the fucking best
Superficial we may say
So down to earth in an earthy kind of way
It's just the best that we can do
Is this just the best that we can do

Planes that buzz and cars that roam
Trees that grow through the forest foam
Squirrels that cross you overhead
Make their way to the squirrely bed
Yes, even squirrels have beds

A natural light in the natural world
It trips me out
Never gonna read about it

Our favored nation and our favorite girl
She flips me out
Never ever really doubt it

And as your hand rests gently on her head
Remove the clutter and the papers that you read
A whispered comment or a compliment is said
And you take her hand as you gesture toward the bed
I can't believe this feels this good